

<https://archive.org/details/transound-collected-sounds>



HEAR I AM

OUTCOME OF THE PROJECT
TRANSOUND HOSTED BY DONIA
JOURABCHI & IDENSITAT - SOUND
OF OUR CITIES
DECEMBER 2020 - AUGUST 2021



MADE IN PARALLEL FROM
BARCELONA
BISCHOFSHÉIM
ISTANBUL
JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA
KAMPOT
LISBOA
LONDON
MANHATTAN
SIEM REAP
SINTRA
PORTO
RECOLETA
VANCOUVER
WEEHAWKEN

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Aleix Plademunt

Anna Recasens

Carolina de la Cajiga

Christos Papasotiriou

Donia Jourabchi

Matthias Neumann

Natalia Domínguez

Sofía Balbontín

Wingel Mendoza

Yolanda de los Bueis

Can you
hear a
sound
which
you (have
never)
heard
before?



Some parts are combined with playable media. Follow the links to access the corresponding audio or video tracks.



The online album is available at <https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases>

The tracks which accompany the reading of this publication at the above link will be indicated by the use of the symbol ▶||■



The sound archive is available at https://freesound.org/people/Hear_I_Am/

The present publication unfolds an assemblage of thoughts, stories and experiments on listening and sound explorations of particular places. It is an abundance of materials collected by a group of 12 people from different cities, during the project Transound which took place between December 2020 and August 2021.

The project questions our sense of place through sound and listening. It brings together a series of individual experimentations, and explores our understanding of the sonic environment, from how it is perceived and experienced, to how it may be tuned and articulated. As an outcome of this shared process:

- ~~~ This publication that retraces a journey through individual works, anecdotes and suggestions for listening experiments and stories;
- ~~~ Online album with compositions, sound collages and soundwalks;
- ~~~~ Sound archive with our collected sounds.

I hear therefore I am

Did you know that hearing is the fastest of our senses?

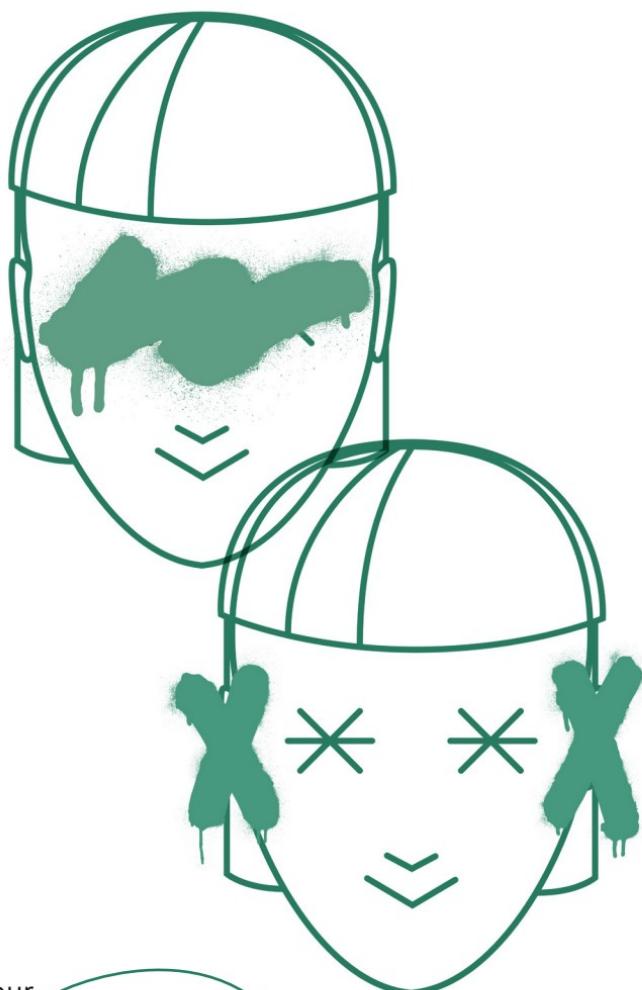
We are constantly hearing, sensing the vibrations of our surroundings through our ears, but also through our bodies; vibrations that connect with our conscious selves. The more we pay attention to the noises surrounding us, the more we develop a sonic sensibility to the coinciding particularities. We can be aware of it or not, but in the course of our life, we create a sound inventory of the perceived, and learn to give them shared meanings. We accumulate an experiential knowledge of the sounds in relation to the context of our listening. We can situate ourselves in space and time by directing our attention to what was, or what becomes audible.

Listen

By experimenting with listening and activating a place with sounds, we expand our perceptual knowledge of the world around us. Listening situations may be gathered into various modalities, connected to the ways we engage with our lived environment and a specific context. Through the practice of listening, not only we can notice the unseen and what shape our sense of reality, but we can expand our awareness to what is sensed as *presence* and the *now*.

Close your eyes
and listen
attentively

How do you
perceive your
surrounding just
by listening to it?



Close your
ears and observe
your surroundings

How do you
perceive
your muted
environment?

Don't you feel
more detached to
it than when you
only listen?

▶ II ■ **LIGHTHOUSE**
Acoustic
awareness

**BLINDWALK**

1. Find a partner with whom you can go for a walk.
2. Blindfold yourself.
3. Let your partner guide you for a walk without saying a word, only holding you.

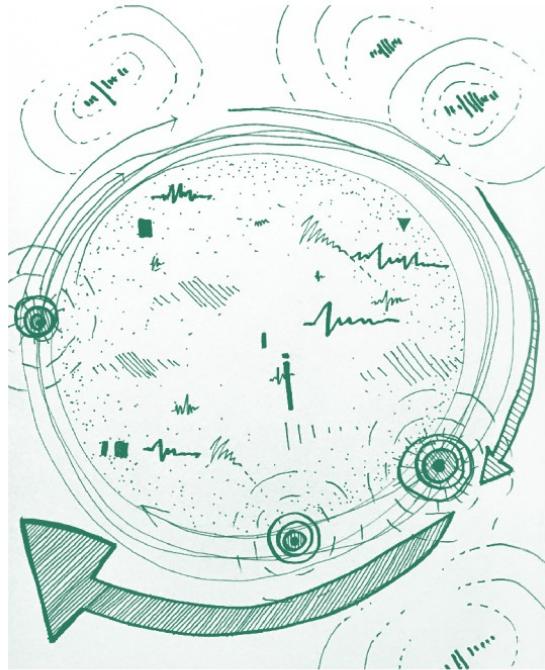
A sound happens in a moment and disappears almost at the same time. Once heard, it resonates in the silence within us. There are endless sounds to be heard if we make an attempt to listen.

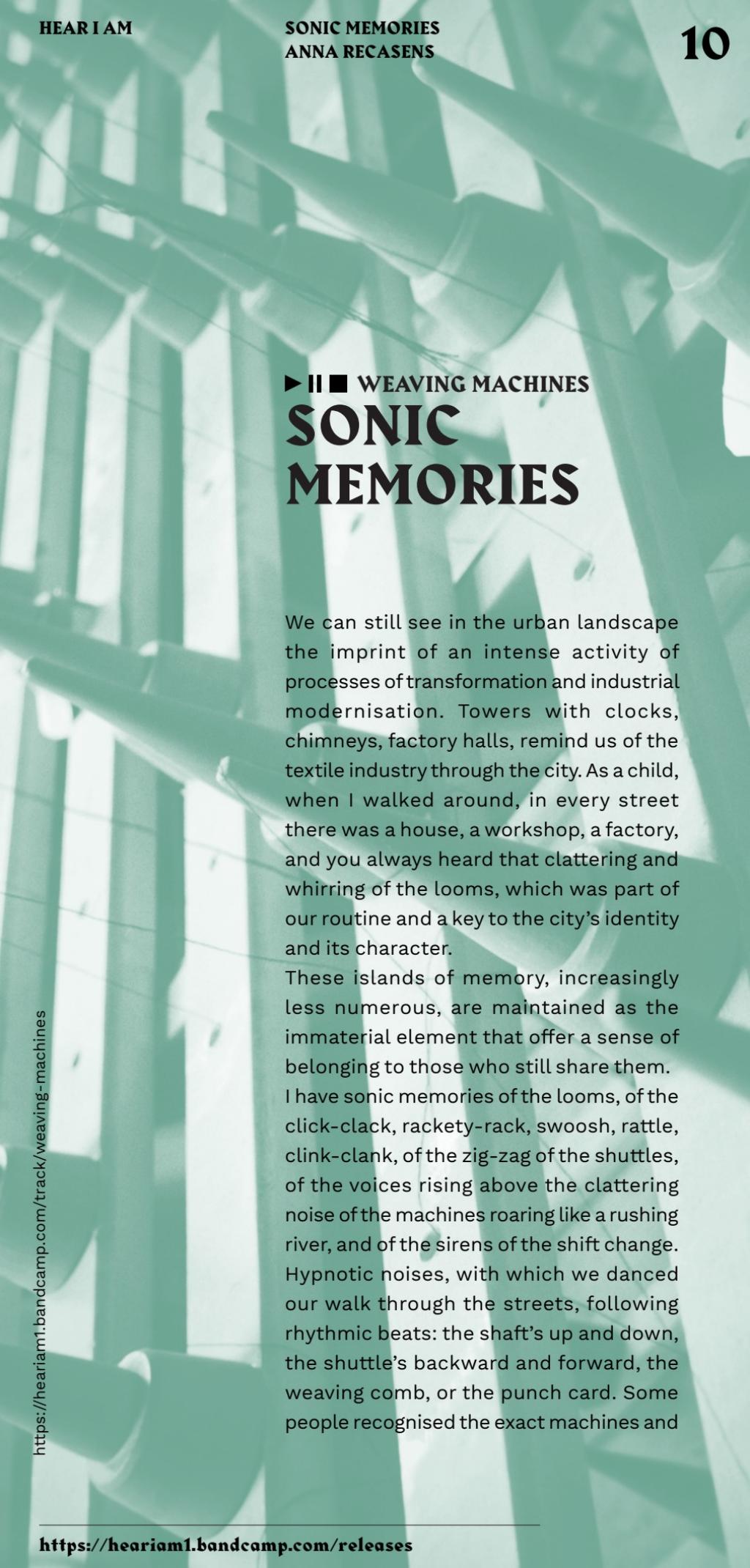
Sound as an artifact of a place and moment. Patterns of vibrations from social context and physical conditions.

► II ■ PRAÇA MARTIM MONIZ

Sonic Artifacts

Sound travels through space. It vibrates in waves of spectral intensities and affects its surroundings as much as it its surroundings affect it. Those waves are manifestations of energies shaped within their physical context. The sonic presences form unique noise constellations at a specific moment. From the moment a sound is, it is almost gone. To the listener, it becomes a memory of a sonic instance.





► II ■ WEAVING MACHINES
**SONIC
MEMORIES**

We can still see in the urban landscape the imprint of an intense activity of processes of transformation and industrial modernisation. Towers with clocks, chimneys, factory halls, remind us of the textile industry through the city. As a child, when I walked around, in every street there was a house, a workshop, a factory, and you always heard that clattering and whirring of the looms, which was part of our routine and a key to the city's identity and its character.

These islands of memory, increasingly less numerous, are maintained as the immaterial element that offer a sense of belonging to those who still share them. I have sonic memories of the looms, of the click-clack, rackety-rack, swoosh, rattle, clink-clank, of the zig-zag of the shuttles, of the voices rising above the clattering noise of the machines roaring like a rushing river, and of the sirens of the shift change. Hypnotic noises, with which we danced our walk through the streets, following rhythmic beats: the shaft's up and down, the shuttle's backward and forward, the weaving comb, or the punch card. Some people recognised the exact machines and

the fabrics they were weaving, according to the sounds they made.

The looms were instruments of an orchestra, playing a score that described a certain historical time. Other people distinguished the sounds of the sirens as a way of measuring time, and as a tool of social embodiment.

Nevertheless, these sounds and these places, now evocative of a reality made into a poem, were sonic spaces that overwhelmed the senses and ultimately hid other layers of meaning, such as that of invisible work, that of women and children who lived under harsh conditions, poorly paid to perform delicate manual operations, as their smaller bodies and their little fingers could fit between the machines.

Draw what you **HEAR**-Draw what you **HEAR**

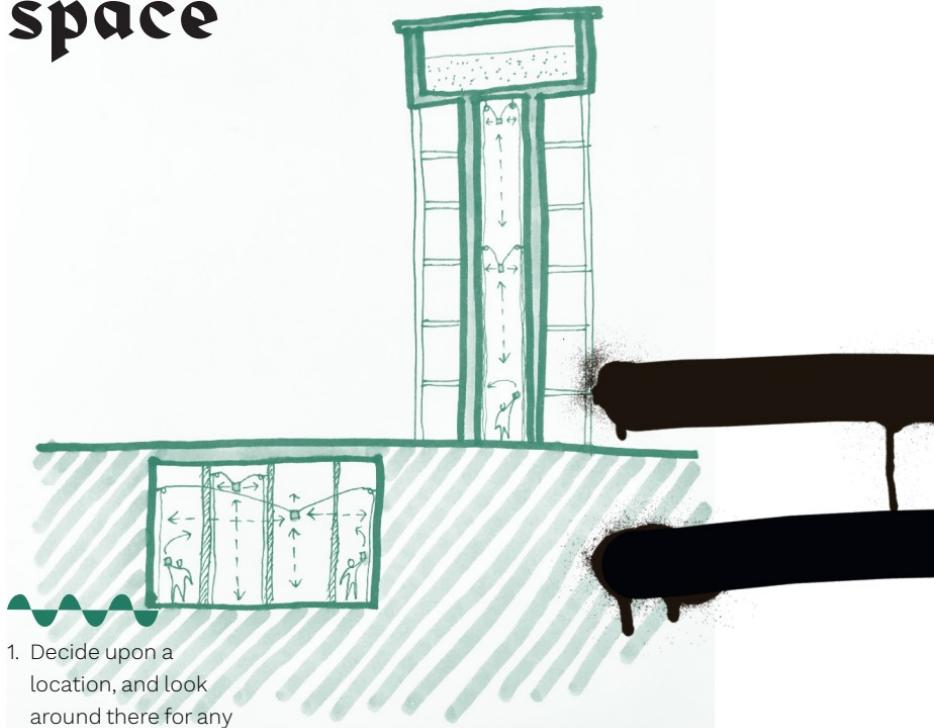


1. Find a place to sit, and listen carefully to what is happening around you.
2. Take a few minutes to settle your attention on what you hear.
3. Pay attention to the intensities, the textures, and other sonic qualities.
4. Notice the rhythms, the modulations.

Soundwalk

Slow motion through the indoor shopping mall with shopping carts rattling, people dealing and the clicking of fingers on machines and metal. Out to a small street with mopeds and passersby, through various high-traffic streets gradually approaching more car traffic while walking more briskly. Walking into a more residential street and turning into a courtyard with children playing. A motorcycle stops as the walk continues through smaller streets where children are hanging out with their mothers. Some cars and trucks pass through slowly, some stop. Turning back away from the city noise through a path of cobble stone with trees and birds chirping, approaching another street with traffic and a street cleaning truck sweeping the street.

Performing with the architectural space



1. Decide upon a location, and look around there for any objects that you may pick up.
2. Take them into a room, and use the objects to strike against the floor and the walls, and all around the place.
3. Experiment with all the possible ways of making sounds with the found objects within the interior space.
4. Allow the space to respond to you by leaving silences between the sounds that you play.

Sound as
a trigger of
acoustic spaces.



<https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/tunnel-impro>

► II ■ TUNNEL IMPRO
**Physical
sonic
filter**

There
is
a
constant
humming,
background
noise,

Some thoughts on listening I

with some kind of metallic additions and a sound like an electrical wave. The subject is moving, at some points apparently on public transport, at others, walking by interior and exterior spaces. In the middle of the constant humming, I recognise the sound of steps along various paths like concrete or gravel, sounds of birds, water, people, cars/roads, machinery, and what seems to me to be some kind of station... a train station with tracks, moving coaches, whistles, but also an aerial space. Perhaps I sense a proximity to the sea. And at some moments, it seems as if it is raining.

►II ■ WINDBLOW

Some thoughts on listening II

Sounds were my thread out of a dark period in my life. Taking part in this workshop became an outlet giving me some measure of sanity outside of my messed-up world. Paying attention to sounds was the getaway out from the daily grind. Sounds and noises have kept my mind afloat.

Listening to wind sounds from the faintest whimper making leaves delicately shiver to howling blasts that can bend trunks and reverberate like invisible waves in the atmosphere, took me to alternate spaces. It felt like soaring above a forest free of any restraints. The squeaking and creaking sound of fresh snow crushed under my boots – swoosh, hush, swoosh, swoosh – led me to an imaginary winter land far, far away where no one had spoiled the vast soft, white cover camouflaging reality. Inside my walls, the melodious clash of water jars touching each other awoke my hearing sense. The jars became a fortuitous musical instrument I could play to create compositions of trickling or rushing water.

Another serendipitous sound that caught my attention was that of packing tape echoing through rooms filled with boxes. I created a sound pattern by stre-e-etching the tape as tightly as could be, or cut it into short or long pieces. Each time producing unique vibrations and tones. The cacophony of the sounds turned into an abstract score.

For months now, sounds and noises have been my liberating force. Usually, colours are my source of creation or escape; this time my ears have been leading the way.



▶ II ■ FENNEL

WALKING IN LINES

WALKING IN CIRCLES

Once upon a time, at a time when kings were still a thing, the ruler of the land had three sons, or daughters, the genders were only vaguely passed down to posterity. One was bed-ridden, one dreamed of faraway places, and the third was all about town. One day the king gathered his children and said: "Princes or princesses – it's time you get to know your country. Go, each to your own liking, and tell me what our country sounds like. Don't look – the eyes are deceiving; don't often an affront touch – I want you to don't taste – unless use your ears to surroundings. and tell me what bed-ridden child right out to the stayed there until The second took to walking West, the sun, always straight, until he reemerged on the Eastern gate of the city a year later. And the third never left the city walls, circling the market square in concentric circles, never touching the center. A year passed and the king and his offspring reconvened. "Tell me about last year", the King addressed his children. What do you think they said?

smell – it's more than not; don't perceive, not to act; you're eating... Only understand your Be back in a year you heard." The wheeled the bed market square and the year was up. the street and kept same direction as

This story was told by Shane T. Umman who had been walking in a straight line all across the continental Midwest of the United States for 21 days until he reached the Venetian town of Palmanova which he circled for another 7 days, only to rest in the central square for the next 3 days. He claimed he had done all this with his eyes closed. He claimed he had learned a great deal about the expanse of the land, the rhythm of the city and the pulse at the heart of the city. When asked what he had learned, he claimed he couldn't tell, but could tell me how to get my own answers.

He said:

Look for a street, in the city, or in the countryside, that is straight, that keeps going, on and on and on. It's not difficult to find. The world is full of streets that lead to the horizon. The ancient street grid of Milet is but a small collection of roads to infinity. Walk the street grid of Barcelona, of Manhattan, or walk from Lincoln, Nebraska in any direction as far as your legs carry you; or for 50 minutes, whichever is preferable.

If you feel uncomfortable walking with your eyes closed, try to keep your eyes on the road, don't look around, don't look at people, don't look at the colors of the landscape and the buildings left and right. Only listen to the sounds. Notice that it's never quiet. Notice that the sounds never quite repeat. It's an oozing continuum, like swimming in the ocean and every wave is never quite the same as the next one. The only constant

rhythms are your steps, your breath, and if you listen closely you might even hear your heart beat. My friend John might suggest that if you pace yourself to a steady 68 bpm you might even get musical. After you are done walking in a straight line through the city for 50 min, or less, or more, sit down with a friend with a drink and try to narrate what you heard. Good luck with that.

When the Great Pandemic hit the shores of New Jersey and life as we had known it came to a halt S. T. Umman took refuge in Weehawken, up on the cliffs overlooking the island of Manhattan. Every morning he would walk down Pershing Street, take the stairs down the cliffs to the ferry at Port Imperial, walk north along the Hudson shore, past the joggers, past the strollers, up River Park Place into West New York, through the parks atop of the cliff, memorializing Columbus and subsequent atrocities, until he was back to where he had started. That's 30 minutes in all, for a year every day; that's 182 hours, give or take. He would have his daily markers

along the way, revisiting everyday the sound of the kitchen exhaust at the Mexican restaurant, the squeaking metal stairs leading down the cliffs, the ferry announcements across the street from the hotel lobby music, the seagulls, the waves, the cars stopping at the pedestrian crossing, people on their phones, children, dogs, birds. All the same every day, and always different. It was as if he went for a walk every day to hear what had changed, but he couldn't be sure, so he had to go again the next day. It used to be considered a pathology of the insane to walk in circles endlessly, collapsing the path onto oneself without resolution. S. T. Umman considers it as part of a pathology of life, which is cyclical and repetitious in endless variations.

He said:

Look for a street, in the city, or in the countryside, that leads back to itself, that goes in circles, around a hill, or where the city walls used to be in a time where kings were still a thing. If the city happens to be square with a grid, role a dice, and walk straight for however many city blocks that you rolled on the dice, turn left, and repeat 4 times: you will end up where you began. If you rolled a 1 you will circle only one block, if you rolled a 6 you will circle 36 city blocks; either is fine. Repeat the same path at least 3 times. Every time you hear a remarkable sound along your way stop, close your eyes, listen for as long as it would take you to tie your shoes; then continue. The next time you pass this very spot stop again and listen for as long as it would take you to tie the other shoe. If you don't wear shoes with shoe laces just pretend. After you repeated this for at least 3 times invite your current love interest to join you the next morning to do the round again. If you don't find the words to point out the sounds you remember, you can always kiss at each spot of sonic interest. But be aware: the sound of your actions will likely obfuscate the fragile noise of the moment.

Or
if you
are lazy, as
I am, don't walk
at all. Sit where it's
comfortable, preferable
in the most lively square
in town, with access to a bar
tender. Have a drink of your
choice, don't move at all other
than absolutely necessary, and
listen. Try to write down not what
you hear right at the moment
but what you heard 10
minutes ago. Do
this every time

you
finish your
drink.

PALIMPSEST

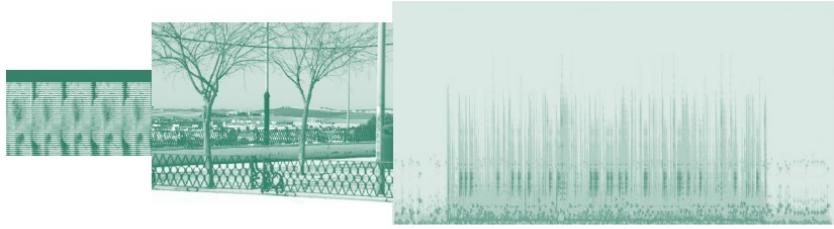
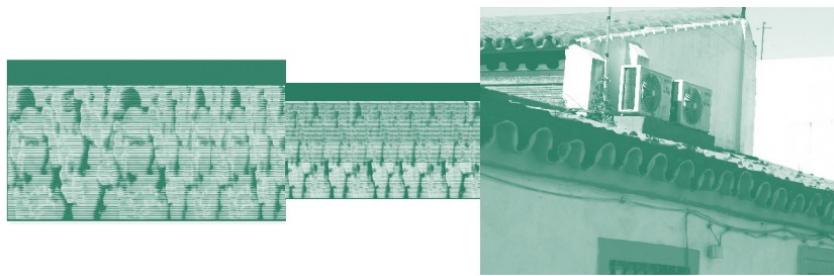
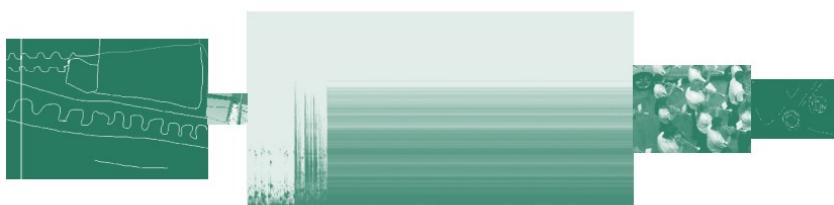
A SOUND PIECE

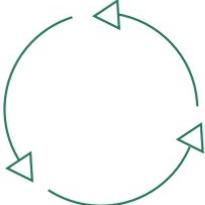
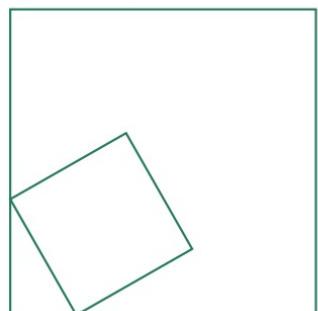
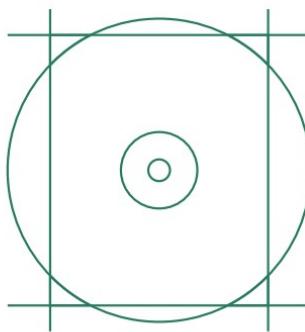
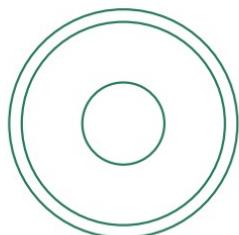
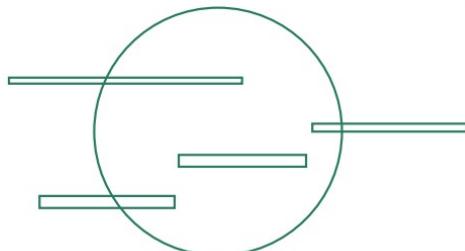
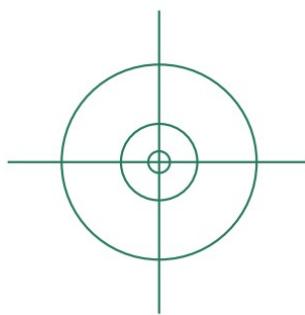
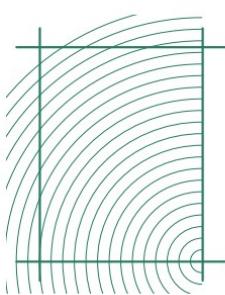
IN AND ABOUT THE

NEIGHBOURHOOD



I am writing a story with sounds as words. There is a combination of street-recorded sounds that remain deliberately in the background (sounds of the same streets before and during lockdown), and they are combined with computer generated sounds using related images and words. I like to reuse, recycle, repurpose sounds, superimposing one over another in an attempt to express an everyday landscape. Working through the idea of a palimpsest serves to expose the very principles and ways of life in a community, its resilience, either involving the listener in glimpses of a disappearing past, or as a response that surfaces through the layers, creating an emergent and fluent new landscape.





Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

► II ■ VIBRATION
**TECHNO
CONSTRUCTIVISMO**

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

FOUNDATIONS
FOU FOU FOUNDATIONS

FOUNDATIONS
FOU FOU FOUNDATIONS

Heavy on the underground
with a steadily tickling pulse.

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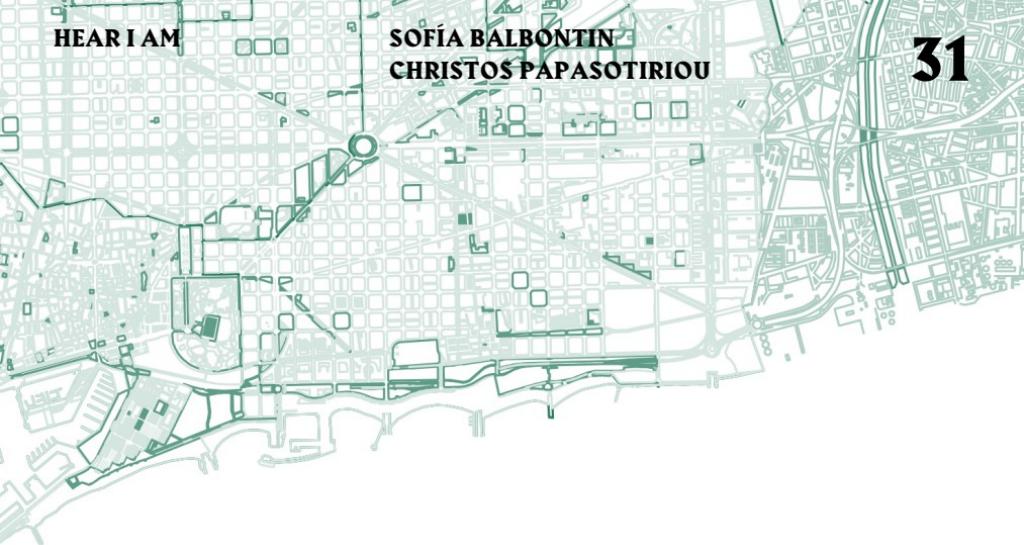


► II ■ SCHIP
► II ■ SOJA FACTORY

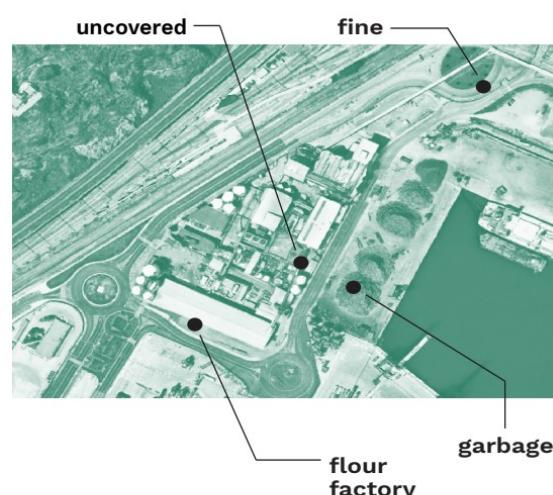
Port of Barcelona

When I came to Lisbon in April I had a ticket to Santiago-Barcelona, so I stayed in Barcelona a week before going to Lisbon. I wrote to Christos and Natalia, as I knew they were living in the city, to do one of the soundwalks recommended by Anna. Only Christos was available, so we decided to go to the port.

We were walking through the street and we saw an open factory, so we went inside to record. Above there was a wagon moving around, carrying flour to a big mountain of flour (a bit like the scene in Tarkovsky's Stalker with mounds of sand). We were captivated there for a long time by the beautiful rhythms of the wagon. When we left, we saw a man sleeping in a truck who suddenly saw us and became angry... so we moved. We came to a big mountain of garbage with big mechanical grabbers shifting the trash. We started to record. In a moment a guy came to us and asked us if we were taking pictures of the port, then he left (uncover audio). At that moment we noticed we were discovered. We decided to move slowly to the exit... but we couldn't find any exit. We were trapped. We were walking and walking and there was no way to get out.



Suddenly about 5 police cars came and asked us if we were some kind of spies, if we were reporters, if we worked for the press, etc. They made us delete all the recordings and photographs (we acted as we were doing but of course we didn't delete anything). Finally they fined us about 60€, that we didn't pay (this part must be explained by Christos). At the end we were escorted out by the police through a secure door to the street.



Port de Barcelona

DENÚNCIA / DENUNCIA

Policia Portuària
Cos de Guardamolls

núm. butilleta / n.º boletín	dia / día	mes / mes	any / año	hora / hora
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NORMA INFRINGIDA / NORMA INFRINGIDA

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Reglament d'Explotació i Policia del Port / Reglamento de Explotación y Policía del Puerto	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Ordenança portuària / Ordenanza portuaria	<input type="checkbox"/>		
ARTICLE / ARTÍCULO	Apartat / apartado	Opció / opción	IMPORT / IMPORTE
306	1F	1	60 €

LLOC DELS FETS DENUNCIATS / LUGAR DE LOS HECHOS DENUNCIADOS

Via/Moll Via/Muelle	Molles 00870	Davant de Frente a	Barreja
Punt quilomètric Punto kilométrico		En sentit a En sentido a	
Altres referències Otras referencias			

FET DENUNCIAT / HECHO DENUNCIADO

Acceder a la zona portuaria establecida sin autorización válida

DADES DEL VEHICLES – EMBARCACIÓ – VAIXELL / DATOS DEL VEHICULO – EMBARCACIÓN - BUQUE

Matrícula Matrícula	País País
Classe Clase	Marca Marca
Nom de l'embarcació - vaixell Nombre de la embarcación - buque	Model Modelo

DADES DEL DENUNCIAT – CONDUCTOR O USUARI / DATOS DEL DENUNCIADO – CONDUCTOR O USUARIO

Permis de conduir /DNI / NIE / Passaport Permiso de conducir / D.N.I. / N.I.E. / Pasaporte		
Classe Clase	Data naixement Fecha nacimiento	Nacionalitat Nacionalidad
Nom Nombre	Cognoms Apellidos	
Domicili Domicilio	Núm Número	Pis Piso
Població Población	Codi postal Código Postal	

OBSERVACIONS / OBSERVACIONES

SIGNATURES / FIRMAS

AGENT DENUNCIANT AGENTE DENUNCIANTE TIP: 01402	AGENT NOTIFICATORIA/A AGENTE NOTIFICADORA/A TIP:	DENUNCIAT/ADA / DENUNCIADO/A (No implica conformitat) / (No implica conformidad)
 Signatura / firma	Signatura / firma	<input type="checkbox"/> Absent / Ausente <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> S'excusa / Se excusa

Exemplar per a la persona denunciada / Ejemplar para la persona denunciada

▶ II ■ BLINDWALK

Montigalà

hidden behind a layer of radical contemporaneity: a multinational companies that sell products manufactured in Asia and made them under precarious labor conditions, shopping malls, impersonal commerce, as that collision of spaces, times and sounds. What is recognizable about, periphery and branding. / Have made sound recordings to make these two moments collide, I have tried to find indices of a past in this present, full of globalized standards and apparently recognizable sounds. I'm interested in what collision of spaces, times and sounds.



On August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus (1451–1506) undertook the first trip to the American continent, financed mainly by the Catholic Monarchs.

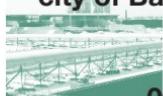
01



02

He sailed for more than two months through the Antilles, establishing contact, relationships and exchanges with local inhabitants.

On December 7, 1492, King Fernando el Católico was wounded by the peasant Joan de Canyamars (later sentenced to death) in the city of Barcelona.



06

In April 1493, while the queen were recovering from an incident in the Gothic neighbourhood of Sant Jeroni de la Murtra, received the official visit of Christopher Columbus.



04

Currently the 200-hectare neighbourhood is a commercial area with hundreds of international brands and stores.



07



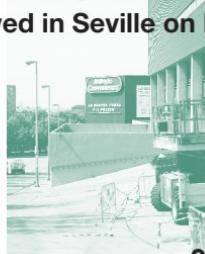
03

On October 12, 1492, he sighted the island of Guanahaní (renamed by Columbus as San Salvador).



09

On January 15, he began the return trip, and arrived in Seville on March 20, 1493.



05

king and
from the
monastery
of Murtra, they
left it from



11

Located one kilometre away from Sant Jeroni de la Murtra is the neighbourhood of Montigalà, requalified and built to host 5,000 journalists from all over the world who came to cover the 1992 Barcelona Olympic Games, 500 years after the arrival of Christopher Columbus.



10



12



**[https://heariam1.
bandcamp.com/
releases](https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases)**

Listen to the sounds linked in the present publication and additional compositions.

Tracklist

1. Lighthouse – Yolanda de los Bueis
2. Praça Martim Moniz – Sofia Balbontin
3. Weaving Machines – Anna Recasens
4. Tunnel Impro – Wingel Mendoza
5. Windblow – Carolina de la Cajiga
6. Rubble – Sena Aydin
7. Fennel – Matthias Neumann
8. Palimpsest – Anna Recasens
9. Square Space – Christos Papasotiriou
10. Vibration – Natalia Domínguez
11. Schip – Sofía Balbontin
12. Soja Factory – Christos Papasotiriou
13. Blindwalk – Aleix Plademunt
14. Rhythms – Anna Recasens
15. Mezcla – Sofía Balbontin
16. Engine Room – Natalia Domínguez



[**https://archive.org/
details/transound-
collected-sounds**](https://archive.org/details/transound-collected-sounds)

Explore the complete sound archive of the project Transound.

Recordings in the archive

AR_ by Anna Recasens
AP_ by Aleix Plademunt
CC_ by Carolina de la Cajiga
CP_ by Christos Papasotiriou
DJ_ by Donia Jourabchi
MN_ by Matthias Neumann
ND_ by Natalia Domínguez
SA_ by Sena Aydin
SB_ by Sofía Balbontín
WM_ by Wingel Mendoza
YD_ by Yolanda de los Bueist



[**https://archive.org/
details/@hear_i_am**](https://archive.org/details/@hear_i_am)

Watch some of the videos created for the project Transound.

Authors

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Donia Jourabchi
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Natalia Domínguez
Sena Aydin
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Graphic design

Natalia Domínguez

Concept

Donia Jourabchi

Coordination

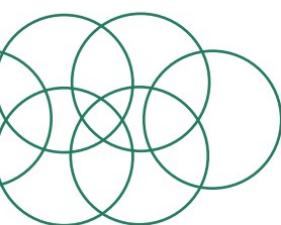
Irati Irulegui & Idensitat

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TRANSOUND HOSTED BY DONIA
JOURABCHI & IDENSITAT - SOUND
OF OUR CITIES
DECEMBER 2020 - AUGUST 2021**

MADE IN PARALLEL FROM

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KAMPOT
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MANHATTAN
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